



Thick  
Licks

Thick  
Licks

Thick  
Licks

Thick  
Licks

Thick  
Licks







# A Butch in Heat



As Marlene, the lovely short-haired blonde on the set, is a sweet bundle of very feminine charm and delicacy. Men chase her and two have tried, for awhile, to stay married to her. Why couldn't they?

She answered, turning her playmate, "Because, although I enjoy sex with a man — even most of the time — there's a sort of counterforce that builds up and I get increasingly bitchy. I know 'Marti' wants out and I fight her, but she comes out with a bang. It's a thing that just takes over and, oh, god, I feel hot and honey and tough enough to knock the shit out of any man who gets on my case. I just try the hell with everything, love, food, job, boyfriend, and go cruising' gay bars. What Marti wants, Marti has to have!"



"Uhmm, and am I ever glad!" murmured Astra, the girl in one photos with pigtails and wearing red socks, reaching her stubbing legs into Marti's passy-hole.

Marti murmured something about "doing it right" and brought out a flesh pink replica of a penis — one about eighteen in, his long. She inserted one end into her vagina and Astra, after a second's hesitation, began sucking, as the other end Marti closed his eyes, obviously savouring the sensations, and told us: "It feels like part of me. I feel very masculine right now — very good. I have all these marvelous sensations of power — being as powerful enough to make her get down and suck my cock. I imagine I've got a pair of hairy balls churning up a storm of glop to spill down her pretty throat."

That vision seemed to rapture Astra to suck harder, as though she could make it come true. "Do me the other way..." she murmured.

"Okay," said Marti, "just because I love's yuh, baby."

Astra knelt in front of him and Marti tenderly inserted their shared tool in Astra's mouth-hole. "Fucking's the greatest art," Marti explained. "Being a woman myself, I know it just takes little thrusts to feel good. And, of course, I'm ever so conscious that this big thing'd tear her up if I got wild and stuck it in too deep."

Putting to Marti's TLC (Tender Loving Cock), Astra said, "That's what's so good about getting it from another girl — she knows what feels good."

The ping-pong contest of two very sexually aroused young women now waited about the room, seemingly increasing with each stroke. The girls laughed as Astra's lips clung to the shaft, made slappy, sucking, popping sounds.







"Oh, I'm getting worried up enough this is getting dangerous," said Marie. "Broader I'm feeling a little 'Married' right now."

Astrid said, "I'm so glad — I need that."

Both Astrid sitting on the floor, Marie stood over her face and Astrid's pink, warm tongue flicked up into the wet playground. Between flicks, Mar



rie observed. "The nice thing about making it with another girl is that there are no rules or roles, you watch around and enjoy a little of everything. Right now my girl's very feminine and getting it from daddy."

After a good looking, Astrid asked, "Can we do whatever now?"

"Sure love," agreed Marie.

The girls sat side by side. Astrid had a blue vibrator — a handle, a thin red going down to an oval tip cleverly designed to fit a girl's fantasies. Marie had a more conventionally designed white cone. With loving looks and gentle kisses, the girls worked their toys in — and into — themselves.

More sisters? Marie explained, "Double during — double looking — a couple of sisters are picked up. We love being girls, being fucked, but there's this sex thing going on between us. You

that our lovers can't share. It's weird and wild and wonderful!"

"Have you tried it with guys instead of vibrators?"

Aimee laughed, and admitted, "We've dared each other, but neither of us can work up the nerve or the situation or whatever to being it off. Twice now, we've picked up guys and prom-



and ourselves, we'd really ask but neither of us could quite put it into words -- you know, suggesting that we all go to bed."

"What?" we asked, "not even naughty-elf Marie?"

Martine almost blushed. "No, damn it, I can feel all cocky and masculine, but I still can't do that, damn it! At least I haven't yet. I'm working up to it."

She did and a good time was had by all. The girls agreed, enthusiastically, that actually having good live cocks in the act beats vibrations all to hell and back.

"I came," Martine said, "even better than I ever did with either of my husbands or better than my secret mass vibrating an other gal with my dildo. I really did!"

Both girls looked radiantly lovely as they kissed











# Swinging Lotus Blossom



Until Tracy came into her life, Shara felt there was something wrong, but had no idea what it was or what to do about it.

We had arranged to meet the girls on the beach near Tracy's house. It was where the girls had first met each other. From a comment about the beauty of the sea girls wheezing overhead, crying to one another, the girls had grouped together along the



beach. One, they can't recall which, now, silly waddled which were the boy sea girls and which were girl sea girls. The question was answered, "Does it make any difference?" and their gaze seemed to merge and wail with new meaning. "Sometimes yes, sometimes no." And they continued walking, closer, the backs of their heads brushing, then the heads linking. They waded out into the surf and splashed each other with foam. They walked back up the sand to swings and swung side by side, not saying much, but their gaze catching and holding more and more frequently.

The pole of her hand did slowly brought down over Shara's curvy young body as, now, they were again sitting on the swings, reemerging for our cameras, what had happened that day.





"I wanted her," Tracy put  
and, "I'd never made it with an  
Uncle and girl before, never even  
knew one usually, so I wasn't  
sure how she'd react. That made  
it interesting, most of the girls  
out here know what's happening  
when another girl starts coming  
on with compliments and giving  
her the eye. They'll either tell  
you, 'Some, honey, you're not  
my type' or they'll say a third  
and say, 'But you've got a good  
body where we can get it on,  
haven't you, dear?' and off we  
go. Sometimes an even goes the  
way they'll say, oh, for example,  
I just like hanging around,

though I won't go down on you,' or whatever little detach they think important. Anyway, I'd bet my bottom dollar I'd never kissed another girl, so I was careful. I just said I had a house near by and why not have tea together?"



"I didn't know what I was getting into," She said, kissing Tracy's cheek. "But I didn't know how to say no, she was so nice. When we got to the house, she made a pass at me, you know, massaging her hands over my body and saying we would be more comfortable out of our clothes. I guess I knew right then we would have sex. I didn't have any real feeling about it. Then she took down my shorts and kissed my ass and I felt, 'Boy, what is this? I am feeling kind of tingle and excited.' And I wanted to kiss her tits. Such an idea, never could it have occurred to me, not any other way. No, not at all."



The girls laughed at the entire occasion, and, as though by some, mutual agreement, led us to Tracy's house for a recreation of what else happened that day.

"I began to get really hot,"

She said, "when we were naked standing together...kneeling and playing with groins. With a man, well, he put his me on the bed and sticks his thing into me and gets all sweaty and excited and bumping and then groans and gets soft. It is no big deal. Sometimes I throw me, no animal and







stammer. "Oh, baby, you're the answer," he like that. Once in awhile I feel a faint sort of ting-  
le but I don't know what it is or even if it is really there. But now, with Tracey, oh I am at  
made feeling more than that and want to kiss her I don't  
know where - I can't think of  
that."

"But I showed you, darling,"  
said Tracey, now, nibbling one of  
Shari's tits, now paying homage  
to the other now sliding down  
her torso, brown body and licking  
her belly button and then down  
farther, into her ass and parting  
the fine pink folds, inserting her  
tongue in the now gleaming wet  
channel.

Shi gave a squeal of joy and  
the girls separated to the rear

to bed to sleeping.

They fit together with the  
practiced ease of men and wife  
players - a familiar chore of  
fingert and thrusts.

Shari was the first to give a  
scream of satisfaction as her body  
quivered in ecstasy. "Doing it in  
front of you," she said, "it's  
pretty nice - Tracey's usually  
the one who comes first."

Tracey gave a mewling, high  
pitched wail of delight and her  
legs bucked. A close look  
showed the tips of her pussy  
flashing as though to mark  
Shari's tongue.

Happy and fulfilled, the girls  
separated to lay side by side.

"I never got that from a man,"  
said Shi. "I didn't know what it  
meant to come. Now I know."







# WINING DOWN



What we have here is a pair of beautiful blondes who look to mean for love, but to each other for sexual satisfaction.

That, alone, isn't unique, but what is unique is these girls' total recognition of what they're doing and why.

Skye, you'll recognize her in our photos by her white shorts, large round wrist watch and, in some photos, by her long gown, told us, "With men, there's no concept of trader versus any more."

Vaida agreed, saying, "When Skye and I are together, it's like a classic seduction from a French novel... we have wine, we dance, we have soft music. We're doing a power play that, until now, has had us as the only audience."

"Tonight," said Skye, "we'll start it with you."

"First the wine," announced Vaida. "Rare vintage - Ramsey Centre '88!"

She purred, and faking arms, looking steadily into each other's eyes, eyes glimmering with seductive highlights, then drank to "Sex, sex and success!"

"But first," according to Skye, "we must talk of money of the day - of shoes, of ships, of cub trays and kites."

They raised the Polish situation, gave the mid-east its due reference, speculated on the budget and the stock market. All the while exchanging burning glances, and each pretenses as holding a bit and gently managing the apple between thumb and forefinger.

They were quite serious really, until Vaida, commenting on the stock market whispered, "Have you heard, honey, Yorgos is going up?"

They cracked up, possibly because the war was now half gone.

Skye, sweating, sent them into new gales of laughter by saying, "Ah, but Confidential Screen, my sweet, is going down."

"Speaking of going down . . ."  
Yoko murmured, nipping her ear, breathing heavily into it.  
"We've fooled around quite enough."

With sensuous care, but increasing speed as need reduced decorum, they undressed one another.

Open mouthed kisses replaced loving pecks.

Light fingered touches of affection became fingering of quite another sort, with digits disappearing into one another's pink furrows to wag and wiggle and stroke.







Spread on the bed, Valda on top, they brushed, then brushed, pussy to pussy for awhile. The harder breathing and dripping wet cunts told us, clearly, tussling tails were turning them on.

There was a long, open mouthed kiss of intense tongue sucking that put hellhounds in first one's cheeks than the other, and when it broke they were both putting a through they were authentic and then as we knew it must, it happened. Valda's sweet dive her open mouth her probing tongue going Skye the ultimate thrill of being eaten. She came, her head whipping up as Valda's tongue as it would have to a penetrating push. Wag-

ging faster and faster and then the sharp intake of breath and the string of cunts, hands, then thighs, told it all and she limply flopped back onto the bed.

Valda waited awhile, petting her, telling her she was beautiful, how much she needed her, and then, knowing she was welcome over Skye's face to be given the big trade set.

Glancing our way, Valda told us, casually, "She does me so good. She's kind of sucking my clit in between her teeth right now and pressing it against the roof of her mouth with her tongue, holding it there, massaging it... ah-mmm so good!"

She turned her attention back

to Skye, and, a moment later gave a keening, sharp cry that indicated as she was canted from start to finish of what must have been a delightful orgasm.

In the aftermath, they discussed boyfriends. Each was telling two or three, we gathered, sort of shopping for the best matrimonial, or partnership, arrangement available. It was, they said, the way of life that wedding ring or not, for the foreseeable future, they expected their only real source happiness to come from right like this.

They finished the wine, dressed, and went their separate ways.

Some girls are like that.









# Fur In Love

Kelvin destroys a woman's love. The men in Jamie's life couldn't understand her compulsion to touch for while seeking love and made fun of her for it. She knows, of course, that all men aren't necessarily that insensitive, but she just got burned once too often and satisfied to girls.

Kelvin, her lover of the moment, said "We're all a little kinky in some way. Sometimes it's so small it doesn't matter if don't think most of us can explain it or that it has to be explained." Her hand wandered up Jamie's thigh and nestled in the hair at her crotch. "She could insist on having a furry hairy

in bed with us, and I wouldn't care a bit."

Kelvin, in most of our photos, wears a long sleeved blazer. She said that was kind of a "thing" of hers — not to be totally nude while making. It's not though as important to her as fur is to Jamie.

The girls touched each other, hand gliding over smooth curves, in inquiry, sensuous strokes, gradually sparking desire for the most intimate stimulation. Their faster breathing and murmurs and moans of pleasure led to it — an almost fluid motion of blending in which Jamie lay on her back and Kelvin knelt over her face.

And, as Jamie began to lick Kelvin's spread cunt, Kelvin bent all the way forward 'til her head was above Jamie's crotch and she, too, began licking pale pink, glistening wet, feminine folds.

Only then did we really realize that Jamie's fur piece was positioned so that her feet could touch it, nestle in it.

We marveled that such an innocent, ambivalent element could have led to problems with men. But Jamie'd assured us that was, indeed, true. Then'd reasoned it, she said, and asked her why and when she quite honestly said she didn't know why, except it felt good, and she had to have it to have an orgasm, they'd called her kinky and freaky or played Freud and gave her these interpretations: that the only thing she could really love was a hot pet and by touching fur, she was really having sex with it. Or that it represented a prize and she wanted sex with another girl. Another thought it meant the really felt sex was something only for animals and by touching fur, because fur, and thus liberated to enjoy sex. One chap had said that when he was making love to her, he didn't want to be competing with an ear muff for her attention and passed lighter



fluid on it and leaned her "there" in the yard. One called it her "fat boy" and thought it a great joke to hide it from her and then remind her she couldn't get off without her boy. It was petty jealousy that she had to have something in addition to them to feel fulfilled sexually. It was a bummer that they were not enough, alone, no, she had to have the help of her boy, and it angered them. It angered them even more that she neither could explain the attraction nor felt it necessary to consult "one of their head doctors" to have him find out why she needed the touch of her for satisfying sex.

"It's the way I am," said June.  
"Knowing why wouldn't change it. Maybe I don't even want to know why I just want her when I'm fucking - why does it have to be a big deal to them?"

Watching the girls enjoying each other to the fullest, we sat calmly spaced with Kora's attitude toward it.

A chorus of deep moans and groans told us the girls had satisfied one another.





We asked, "Kenna, we know a lot about Burnz's feelings about and toward men, but how about you?"

She frowned, obviously not liking the question, but replied, "I used to say I was bi. I don't bother anymore. The idea of a man's penis being stuck up me isn't in the least appealing."

"Where you always...?"

"No," she snapped. "Not always. I was raped by a close relative when I was twelve. I decided my cherry was gone, so I'd fuck around. I got the reputation of being an easy lay and one day, realized I was giving but getting nothing." She snapped her fingers. "Pop — no more. I turned off on men. I got cut-cuts and cut-cuts about girls."